

THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Owner and Editor.

THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, WITH NEWS FROM ALL NATIONS.

\$1.00 A YEAR, Always in Advance.

VOLUME I.

HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KY., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1886.

NUMBER 49.

HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

Is the only paper published in Wolfe County, and circulates largely in the counties of Lawrence, Warrick, Morgan, Powell, Menifee, Magoffin, Breathitt, Elliott, Estill, Floyd, Perry, Pike and Knott, the latter eleven being without a newspaper of any kind. THE HERALD is therefore, the best Advertising Medium in Eastern Kentucky, and advertisers can reach more people by an advertisement in its columns than by any other means. Try it, and be convinced. PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING.

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DIVIDED LOVE.

He took her from their hand in life. "I love you so, dear me," he cried, "look up and tell me, sweet and low, that you will be my lonely bride."

"In this soft hand, you hold my hope. The sum and substance of my life. They will be less than naught to me if you refuse to be my wife."

She did not blush or draw away. Nor did she hang her lovely head. But coolly, like a little man, she stood square up to him and said:

"I thank you for your proffered love and all the feeling that you show. I mean I give you—but my heart— I gave my heart long ago."

—*Merced Traveler.*

"A THOUSAND TO FIVE."

How a Poor College Student Won a Wager and a Wife.

If you take a sharp turn to the right midway on the Hiley road between the City of Oxon and Littlemore Asylum, a beautiful green lane will bring you to the locks and the narrow foot-bridge which, for convenience, is placed across the flood-gates that you may pass to the opposite bank of the Thames. The antique city lies still to your right with its spires and domes, and college towers, which stand out in clear-cut, dark up-rights against the wintry, gray sky, or, in the blue haze of summer mist, appear as if dressed in purple gauze.

The bank on which you stand has a wide foot-path, which narrows as you recede from the city. Here the river deepens slightly, reflecting luxurious green shrubbery, while a few yards farther on the stream grows so shallow that rank, though not picturesque, weeds and water-lilies spring up to greet the eye.

In the early morning or on summer evenings true admirers of the beautiful never miss frequenting this spot. Lovers, the invalid, the weary student—all alike here find rest and long to breathe in an air that seems to stir into life everything in the vicinity.

It was the day after the Oxford and Cambridge boat race. At the former university things were unusually quiet, though the crews were far from discouraged. At the latter there was high glee. After many successive years of struggling and defeat Cambridge had once more won the day. The fates had decided in her favor.

Yet a few earnest ex-swains and trainers might be seen in busy conversation at the various newly-painted and gilded boat-houses, and not a few canoes and gigs had descended on opening of the locks that morning. Still the marked excitement and bustle of the three preceding days had now all but died away. A sober air pervaded everything. Song birds from their boughs but twittered slightly and seemed to glance askance at passers-by.

"What a day, that was the best," "Frightful odds, wasn't it?" chimed in Bently Knoll.

"But say, old fellow, do tell us that tale," pursued the first speaker, a stalwart among the three young crack oarsmen of the first Oxford crew.

He addressed Paul Clifton. They were seated with elbows on knees and had been reclining over the rail of Magdalen College boat-house. All were attired in loose trousers, sleeves tucked up, white boating trousers and canvas shoes.

"Paul Clifton, or 'Captain Cliff,' as his companions sometimes called him, was the oldest fellow in Jesus College. With a forehead largely intellectual, though pinched in face and slightly stooped, he was deemed the largest-hearted fellow in all Oxfordshire. The whole faculty loved him, and the meanest undergraduate in his presence had no fears.

"I'm a whale if you fellows don't bore me," was the reply, accompanied with the best-natured of grins.

"But say, Cliff, we chaps never heard that story, and then, you tell it so well."

A slap between the shoulders, and Paul coughed. All laughed heartily and the old scholar began:

"Well, my lads, you must know that Maud Cavelliers, as we called her, was in her own right one of the noblest, wealthiest, prettiest and proudest ladies in all Oxon. She had seen nineteen beautiful summers, and the winters could not have been very severe, for they had left nothing cold or ugly or objectionable in her nature. Yet, as I said, she was proud, and she had a right to be. Yes, she was a gem of a girl—a regular darling. Both her parents were dear, and her uncle, with whom she lived, was Dean of Magdalen College and one among the most indulgent of old gentlemen.

"Throughout our University City Lady Maud was the rage and admiration of young and old. I have heard it said that, like a morning star, she lit the path of many a poor professor and careworn student. They did not all love her, for the simple reason that they dared not. But it did the fellows good to sit in their windows and see her float past on her customary morning walk. I tell you, my lads," and Clifton struck his bravely thigh as if to emphasize what he said, "there are some women who are to the earth as angels, and to marry them is in part to spoil them. Such was Lady Maud. Love was in the air she exhaled, and tenderness seemed to waft from the very folds of her garment whither soever she moved.

"Well, it was just twenty-seven years ago, and Christopher Lund was the poorest undergraduate at Jesus College. So poor that the chapel itself shunned his scanty apartment and ran afrighted into their holes at his approach. Yet by his pen he managed to maintain himself at college and in a large measure helped to support an invalid sister at an incurable home in Wales. He was a quiet, earnest, honest fellow, and we all pitied him and, without his knowing it, helped him in a hundred little ways.

"Next to my room and domiciled in luxury lived young Tankerville, the Cross of our college. His father's inheritance had but fallen to him some months before, and he deserved it. He was a capital fellow, large-hearted, empty-headed and brimful of sport. His pocket-book was ever open. Many a struggling fellow who went to bed at

night worrying over the expenses of the morning woke up in the morning to find placed between the leaves of his Latin or Greek exercise book a small note on the Bank of England, and in such unusual beneficence puzzled us, but we very soon discovered its true author.

"It was one of those sultry July mornings at the date referred to, when Lund, Tankerville, myself and five other chums stood under a broad tree near the main gate of the new Botanic Gardens. Through the branches and short shrubs we could all but see Magdalen College bridge. We had turned out for an airing that morning. Cigars were lighted and anecdotes of interest were being told, when suddenly the conversation turned and the subject of our remarks became the belle and 'First Lady in Oxon.'

"Hold," cried Tankerville, pointing in the direction of the bridge. "Why, there she is. Speak of an angel and—"

"She rarely ever appears," I rejoined.

"By Jove! and on her morning walk to Hiley," he continued.

"I glanced at the speaker and said: 'Strange, Tank, that no man seems to have ever approached, much less attempted to woo, Lady Maud.'"

"She is proud," returned Tankerville, and his eyes dropped a little. Brightening up, however, he looked in the direction of Lund, and, with the faintest twinkle of the left eye, exclaimed with emphasis: "A thousand to five that not a man in Oxon will kiss Lady Maud without offending her."

"I'll take your wager," replied Christopher Lund, quietly, and what is more will accomplish the feat publicly and within thirty minutes."

"I need not say how the boys stood apart and gazed at Lund in utter wonderment. There was silence, but only for an instant longer. Tankerville and Christopher shook hands. Lund for a moment scratched his forehead, and, half-soliloquizing, said: 'But where to raise the five pounds?'

"O, Chris, never mind that," we all said in one voice. "Here, old fellow, we'll loan you the sum."

"Well, boys, I never saw a lad look as he did for fully a minute. His eyes were literally aghast, and his whole being seemed strangely animated. Within three minutes later our plans were completed. Tankerville and your humble servant were to follow Christopher at a safe distance, while he was to approach Miss Maud Cavelliers midway up the Hiley road. No sooner said than done. The other fellows agreed to remain in the shrub garden, and for more than half an hour smoked, chatted and speculated widely as to Christopher's venture.

We walked leisurely behind while Lund sounded forward with a light step. For fully a quarter of an hour all was suspense. Our heroine had advanced far ahead, but Christopher was quick in his movements and presently was within a few yards of Lady Maud.

"We saw him gracefully remove his cap and walk to her side. Lightening-like we observed her draw up and face Lund as in indignation. As watchers only, myself and Tankerville were too far behind to hear anything. In less than an hour, however, the latter soon became convinced that he had lost the wager. Yet, for months afterward he pestered me to obtain all the particulars connected with Lund's daring act. At last I gave in and obtained an introduction to her Ladyship, then a wife.

"Her account of the little episode of that July morning was touching. I shall never forget it. In her own words, softened now and again by a smile, she said:

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CALIFORNIA OSTRICHES.

Characteristics of the Birds—How They Are Corralled and Plucked.

The sight of a dog is sufficient to frighten an ostrich badly. At such vision, if permitted so to do, the ostriches in the corrals would immediately be speeding over the sandy plain, through a waste of tall wild sunflowers, at a gait which would astonish a horse-trainer. Dr. Sketchley has three dogs on his farm, but they are all kept behind the buildings out of sight of the ostriches. When a keeper approaches them to annoy them they emit a hissing noise like a goose, and try to bite the intruder. They have no strength in their bills, however, and are harmless unless they get a chance to kick. Unlike the emu, which is exhibited often as an African ostrich, they have but one toe on each foot. This is a terrible weapon. The bird kicks forward. The force is shown by the exploit of one bird, which kicked a stout board on the side of its corral and broke it in two at one blow. The toe is pointed and will cut like a knife. The bird which was killed with one kick had its breast laid open with an ugly wound. Of the young birds all are perfectly shaped, except one which has a club foot and which walks on the back of the clubbed foot, the toe turning up. The gait of even this bird is elastic. All the birds walk precisely after the fashion adopted by many young ladies in San Francisco of late, whose gait may therefore, perhaps, be correctly described in the future as the "ostrich walk."

It is a soft, untempered, but grating noise. The feet are taken briskly up and raised high and the body and head oscillate. This style was learned in South Africa and not in San Francisco, and is as old as the race of desert birds.

Silly fear and ferocity are the characteristics of ostriches everywhere. Some are more ill-tempered than others. It is dangerous if not approached with care. No method has been discovered by which they can be plucked except that of drawing a stocking over the head, leaving a hole that the bird may breathe. To accomplish this the bird is lured close to the fence of the corral by a delicacy like corn, and is then seized by the neck. It is then hooded in this way it is comparatively helpless, for it will not kick unless it can see what it is kicking at. One way to pluck them is to have a small corral the back of which is movable. By pushing this up they could be plucked. The feathers are taken from the breast, wings and tail above the dreaded kicking apparatus. At present the ostrich keepers press upon the bird from behind, and as long as they keep behind they are safe. The man who plucks proceeds with dispatch. An adult bird is plucked every seven months, and fields about twenty-five long feathers and several "tips."

The tips are taken from the wing, and the feathers on the back are left for the protection of the bird. During this plucking operation men have been kicked by the birds, but not to be hurt. Had the birds had a fair forward kick, the result could hardly have been other than fatal to the person kicked. The young ostrich, which for some time went about on one wooden and one natural leg was injured through fear. The boards on the corral were outside of the posts. The bird was frightened at something and ran against a post, something which could not have been foreseen, and one leg was broken. A wooden leg was put on, and a sort of a stick, to take the place of this, but after a little the bird died. It was an object of interest to all visitors. —*San Francisco Bulletin.*

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PITH AND POINT.

—The young man who assisted a Chicago girl to her feet has not asked for her hand. —*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

—If a good circus could be seen for five cents some boys would want to crawl under the canvas; they were born that way. —*N. Y. Citizen.*

—A fashion item says the very newest thing in hair-dressing is the bang. The "bang" is the oldest thing in pistols that are not loaded. —*Norristown Herald.*

—The wages of sin being death, we can't understand why a lot of people we know don't get paid off at once and have their services stopped. —*Bloomington Eye.*

—"Can dogs find their way home from a distance?" is a question frequently asked. It's according to the dog. If it's a good one, he's apt to get lost if he goes round the corner. —*Old City Democrat.*

—A hygienic journal recommends sweeping, if properly done, as one of the very best kinds of exercises for women. Now, if some geniuses will invent a species of tennis that may be played with brooms, he will be a benefactor of society. —*N. Y. Graphic.*

—"Some idiot has put that pen where I can't find it," growled old Asperity the other day, as he roared at the desk. "Ah, um, yes, I thought so," he continued in a lower key, as he hauled the article from behind his ear. —*N. Y. Independent.*

—A man, claiming to be a scientist, wants some one to bore the earth to prevent its bursting. We have a friend whose work would be able to do it. Up to this time he has devoted all his boring energies to us, and we would be glad to see him try on the rest of the earth. —*Chicago Mail.*

—A New London boy, with milk picher in hand, fell headlong down the back stairs. He had regained his feet and was brushing the dirt from his clothes when his mother appeared at the head of the stairs and asked: "Did you break the picher?" "No, I didn't; but I will," was the quick response. And he did. —*Hartford Times.*

—Brown to Smith, who has been at invalid for years: "Halloo, Smith! How are you nowadays?" Has Dr. Dabble-doo helped you any?" Smith—"A little, perhaps, but not nearly so much as I have helped him. You should see the new house he has just built! Nothing like it in town—elegant, perfectly elegant!" —*Boston Post.*

—Husband—The census-taker was in, dear. He demanded the age of each of the family, and I was obliged to give him yours. He said it was the law. Wife (enraged)—Law! What do I care for law? John Smith, did you hear that man say? Husband (hurriedly)—Yes, I told him you were twenty-three. Wife (mollified)—Well, I suppose the law has got to be respected. —*Chicago Tribune.*

—A little boy in Warrenton visited his aunt in the country not long since. One day at the dinner table the lady complained that a jar of favorite preserves had mysteriously disappeared from the pantry. Each one present disclaimed any knowledge of the fact, except the little boy, who remained sulkily silent. At length he was asked if he knew anything of the missing fruit, when he replied: "My pa don't allow me to talk at the table." —*Warrenton (Ga.) Clipper.*

SENT BY EXPRESS.

Persons Who Are Labeled and Transferred the Same as Any Piece of Goods.

"Can live stock be shipped by express?" asked a passing reporter yesterday of an employee of an express company.

"Certainly. You can ship anything for cash or C. O. D."

"What's the objection then to traveling by express with a tag tied in your button-hole?"

"None that I know of, except being jammed around in the car with a lot of boxes and bundles. I've seen people shipped by express."

"Dead people?"

"No, real live persons. We had a case of that kind only a few months ago. It happens once or twice a year. The case that I refer to was a young boy about ten years old. He was tagged to Jacksonville, Ill., and had a bill on him for that place. What's more he was sent C. O. D. I don't know how we got him, but I suppose some poor relative, unable to buy a ticket, shipped him to somebody's care because unable to keep the lad himself. Those are the circumstances which usually surround such a case. A boy can travel quite as well in the express car, with plenty to eat, as he can in a cushioned seat alone—better, in fact, because the messenger usually takes an interest in him and lets him amuse himself."

"When I was on the road I got one every little while. After a few miles they soon get used to it and don't mind it a bit. I had a boy on my run once who was billed from Boston to San Francisco. He was two years old, had a basket of grub with him and was a terror to the messengers. He'd have his hand into every sack of peanuts and basket of fruit in the car if he wasn't watched."

"Are they shipped by weight or otherwise?"

"By weight—so much a pound. The advantage to the people is apparent. They are transferred at transfer stations in the wagon with other goods and treated just like regular express matter. But they are entitled to no more consideration than a box of soap."

"What is the comparative cost between the two methods of traveling by express and ticket?"

"For short distances, as for instance from here to Monroe, the express method is cheaper provided the child is of ordinary weight, but I would advise a fat person to buy a ticket every time. I couldn't say in reference to long distances, but I should think it would be cheaper in that case too, with the same conditions in respect to weight. The express companies don't like to handle human merchandise, and I presume they would shut down on it if it became any more frequent. The railroad companies would probably object, too." —*Boston Tribune.*